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THE STORY OF "PANSY.

"I am going to write a sketch of 'Pansy,'" I said to one of the young ladies in our Public Library, "and I would like to take several of her books home, to look them over."

"There are none in," she replied.

"None in, when I see by your catalogues you have several of each of her more than fifty volumes?"

"Oh! there is one in—Mrs. Harry Harper Awakening, but that will probably be taken out during the day."

"What is the reason 'Pansy's' books are always in demand?"

"Because they are bright reading for young people, and as pure as they are bright, and we like to specially recommend them. When hundreds come to us, and ask what they shall read, among those of the few unexceptionable writers we can always speak well of the 'Pansy books,' and the boys and girls always come back pleased, and ask for others by that author."

What is true of "the Pansy books," in the Public Library of Cleveland, I doubt not to be true of them in the libraries of other cities.

I have just been reading Mrs. Alden's "One Commonplace Day." I have been with poor Kate Hartzell to the picnic, and felt ashamed of Fannie Copeland, or any other girl who is too proud to associate with a noble-hearted young woman because she helps to wash dishes and make bread. I have felt a great liking for Mildred Powers, who, though her father was a judge at Washington, put on no airs, and was thoroughly kind to everybody. I have followed Kate to the home of the drunken father and drunken college-brother, and have seen how a girl really can be a ministering angel. I understand, I think, the reasons for the perennial popularity of the "Pansy books." They waken the music of the noble chords of the soul. In their influence, as compared with that of the usual Sunday-school book, or work of light fiction, lies the difference that exists between waltz and oratorio.

It was years ago that I read Ester Ried, and cried over Ester's death, as I suppose thousands of others have done. After that I was always wondering how the author of that most magical book talked and looked and if I should like her if I ever saw her.

One day I heard that "Pansy" was to conduct the primary department of the Sunday-school Assembly at Framingham, Mass. So I went out from Boston to hear her.

When I arrived, I found a crowded house listening to a sweet-faced woman, in early life, much younger than I had supposed, with a rich, pleasant voice, heard in every part of the house, and with a most attractive and womanly manner. She was natural, interesting and earnest. It is unnecessary to add that I liked her.

And now what has been the history of this very successful woman?

Born in Rochester, N. Y., in 1842, she had two blessings, perhaps the greatest earthly gifts: a father and a mother who were wise, patient, tender, helpful under all circumstances. The father held wonderfully pronounced convictions on all the great questions of the day; he was a strong temperance man, a strong anti-slavery man, a leader in every moral reform, and pressing forward, alone oftentimes, for public opinion was not educated up to his standard, whereas now he would have hosts of co-laborers. The noble man standing solitary upon advanced positions, upon high, lonely look-outs, lived half a century ahead of his time. The mother was a sunny-hearted, self-forgetful woman, devoted to all that was pure and "of good report."

MRS. G. R. ALDEN ("PANSY").

Their little girl, Isabella, received her now famous name of "Pansy," from an incident in her baby-life. The mother had a choice bed of great purple and yellow pansy blossoms, which she was treasuring for a special occasion. One morning the wee child, being in a helpful, loving mood, sallied out and picked them every one, and bringing the treasures in her arms showered them in her mother's lap, with the generous statement that they were "every one for her."

They were to have been used on the evening following, and the good mother was much disturbed; but the father mounted his baby in triumph on his shoulders, and called her his own little pansy-blossom; and from that time the sweet name clung to her. Thus gentle was the man of strong thought, over a thing that could not be helped, and which was done in innocency. A less thoughtful parent might have punished the child, and then wondered as she grew older that she did not develop lovelier traits! How often we spoil the flowers in our home gardens!

A little incident which I have heard Mrs. Alden relate, shows not only the love within that early home, but the skill of the father in the character-forming of his child. "I recall," said she, "a certain rainy day, when I hovered aimlessly from sitting-room to kitchen, alternately watching my father at his writing, and my mother at her cake-making. She was baking, I remember, a certain sort known among us as 'patty-cakes,' with scalloped edges, and raisins peeping out all over their puffy sides. I put in an earnest plea for one of the 'patties' as it came from the oven, and was refused. Disconsolately I wandered back to father's side. He was busy with his annual accounts. Our home was in a manufacturing town, where the system of exchange, known as 'due-bills,' was in vogue. Something caught my eye which suggested the term to me, and I asked an explanation.

"Fat[illegible]nted to kno[illegible] the amount mentioned in the due-bill, and my father replied that of course one had the right to issue a due-bill to a man who had earned nothing, if for any reason he desired to favor him, and that then the sum would become that man's due, because of the name signed.

"I remember the doleful tone in which I said, 'I wish I had a due-bill.' My father laughed, tore a bit of paper from his note-book, and printed on it in letters which his six-year-old daughter could read, the words:

DEAR MOTHER:

PLEASE GIVE OUR LITTLE GIRL A PATTY-CAKE FOR MY SAKE. FATHER.

"I carried my due-bill in some doubt to my mother, for she was not given to changing her mind, but I can seem to see the smile on her face as she read the note, and feel, again the pressure of the plump, warm cake which was promptly placed in my hand.

"The incident took on special significance from the fact that I gave it another application, as children are so apt to do. As I knelt that evening, repeating my usual prayer: 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and closed it with the familiar words: 'And this I ask for Jesus' sake,' there flashed over my mind the conviction that this petition was like the 'due-bill' which my father had made me—to be claimed because of the mighty name signed. I do not know that any teaching of my life gave me a stronger sense of assurance in prayer than this apparently trivial incident."

"Pansy" began to write little papers very early in life, which she called "compositions," and which were intended for her parents only. From her babyhood she kept a journal where the various events of the day were detailed for the benefit of these same watchful parents. There could have been little that was exciting or novel in this girlish life, but the child was thus trained to express her thoughts, and to be observing—two good aids in her after-life. She was also encouraged to send long printed letters each week to her absent sister, telling her of the home-life, and describing persons and places. "Pansy" was very happy in all this work, stimulated by gentle appreciation and criticism.

When "Pansy" was perhaps ten years old, one morning the old clock, which she "really and truly" supposed regulated the sun and only stopped. Such an event had never before occurred. She considered it worthy of a special chronicle, and forthwith wrote the story of its hitherto useful life and the disasters which might have resulted from its failure in duty. This clock was very dear to the father and mother, being associated with the beginning of their early married life. When "Pansy's" story was

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read, she was startled, almost frightened, over this discovery—that it drew tears to her father's eyes. He said he would like to have the story in print, the better to preserve it, and that she might sign to it the name of "Pansy," both because that was his pet name for her, and because the language of the flower was "tender and pleasant thoughts," and these she had given him by her story.

How pleased the little girl was that she had made him happy, and that when a real story of hers was in black and white where the world could read it, none would know the real author except the family. How her heart beat when the little ten-year-old author looked upon her first printed article, all those know who have ever written for the press.

Her first book, "Helen Lester," was not published until ten years later. She wrote it in competition for a prize, and was so fortunate as to gain it. This greatly encouraged her, though her best encouragement was, as she says, "the satisfaction which the little printed volume bearing the pet name 'Pansy,' gave to my father and mother."

Following upon that first little book, "Pansy's" literary work has been constant and most successful. She has written between fifty and sixty volumes, of which over one hundred thousand copies are sold annually. They are in every Sunday-school, and in well nigh every home. It is believed that "Ester Ried" has had the largest sale, and has exerted the most beneficent influence of all her works. Of this book, Mrs. Alden says: "The closing chapters were written while I was watching the going out of my blessed father's life. To the last he maintained his deep interest in it, and expressed his strong conviction that it would do good work. It went out hallowed with his prayers, and is still bearing fruit which will add to his joy, I believe, in heaven. The last chapter was written in the summer of 1870 with the tears dropping on my father's new-made grave."

The titles of Mrs. Alden's books are familiar in all households: "Four Girls at Chautauqua," with its charming sequel, "Chautauqua Girls at Home," "Tip Lewis and his Lamp," "Three People," "Links in Rebecca's Life," "Julia Reid," "Ruth Erskine's Crosses," "The King's Daughter," "The Browning Boys," "From Different Standpoints," "Mrs. Henry Harper's Awakening," "The Pocket-Measure," "Spun from Fact," "Christie's Christmas," etc.—titles familiar in all public libraries, and to Sunday-school librarians in all denominations. Though she is an adept in the arts and peculiar fascinations of the novelist, a master-analyst of the subtler workings of the human heart, she has from the outset dedicated her work to the advancement of the Christian religion in the home-life and in the business life; to making alive and important and binding and "altogether lovely," the laws of the Bible. The glittering prospects of other fields in literature have not allured her aside.

But Mrs. Alden's books are only a portion of her life work. Her husband, Rev. G. R. Alden, is the pastor of a large church, and she works faithfully at his side, having a high ideal of the duties and peculiar opportunities of a minister's wife. She is president of the missionary societies, organizer and manager of a young people's branch, superintendent of the primary department of the Sunday-school, and the private counsellor of hundreds of young people. While she enjoys her literary work, she makes it subservient to her church and Sunday-school work.

She says, "My rule has been to write when I can get a chance, subject to the interruptions which come to a mother, a housekeeper, and a pastor's wife."

Yet for seventeen years Mrs. Alden has been under contract (never broken) to keep a serial story running in the *Herald and Presbyter*, through the winter; and for ten years she has given her summers largely to normal-class work at all the principal Sunday-school assemblies, having been several times at Chautauqua, Framingham and Florida, and is under engagement to do the same work in Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Tennessee.

One would suppose that with all this work, Pansy's hands would be full to overflowing. But she finds time to do more than this. For twelve years she has prepared the Sunday-school lessons for the primary department of the *Westminster Teacher*, the organ of the Presbyterian Board, and has been for two or more years the editor of their *Primary Quarterly*.

And there is more to tell. For eleven years she has edited the *Pansy*, the well-known Sunday magazine for boys and girls, and there is always in this a serial story from her pen and a continued Golden Text story, besides innumerable short stories, which now, collected, make a complete Primary Sunday-school library of about forty volumes.

One of the most interesting things in connection with this magazine, is the "Pansy Society," composed of those children who are subscribers, and who are pledged to try and overcome some besetting fault, and who take a whisper-motto: "I will do it for Jesus' sake." All who join, have a badge, a beautiful pansy painted on white satin, and fastened at the top by a silver pin.

The members of this society from Maine to Louisiana, write to "Pansy," and, mother-fashion, she answers them, a hundred or more a week. Already there are thousands of members, who are trying to stop fretting, to obey parents, to be patient, to say only kind words of others, to overcome carelessness, and to make somebody happy. The amount of good done by this beautiful simple means to form correct habits in early life, is simply incalculable.

The letters from the little ones among the members are full of naive interest, many written with a hand just beginning to do its first work with the pen.

One older child writes:

Mamma says I ought to tell you at the commencement that I am eleven years old, but a poor penman, and she is afraid you cannot read my letter, but I will try and do my best. I have taken the *Pansy* for two years and enjoy it very much. *After reading it I send it in a* mission barrel to the children in Utah. I had rather keep them, but mamma thinks I ought to let some one else enjoy them. I have read all your books except one or two of the last. From reading "The Pocket Measure," I learned how nice it was to give. Mamma specially likes "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking on." I would like to become a member of the Pansy Society. I have tried for a week to find the fault that I want most to overcome, but I do not know which one it is, I have so many; it seems to me as if everyone *else had but one fault. One is* my not obeying quickly when mamma speaks. I had rather read your books and magazines than do what I ought. I do like to read very much. Another is my temper, which is very quick; when anything is said which irritates me I speak quick even to my dear mamma. I pray over it and work hard to overcome it. . . I have a picture of you which papa is going to have framed and hung up in my chamber, so that I can look at it and think of you.

Letters come, too, from mothers and teachers, telling of the beautiful work of the Pansy societies. One mother writes of her own home club formed of her six children. She says:

We are trying to make its influence for good extend far and near. At Christmas we got together a large lot of old toys, picture-books, etc., with boxes of cake and bonbons, and sent them to some poor children in our community who were not able to buy new ones. We also sent a box of Christmas goodies to each of the real old ladies and gentlemen living near us, who were likely to be overlooked in the overflow of young life surrounding them. Also sent out some suitable presents and eatables to needy colored families.

For St. Valentine's Day some valentines were prepared and sent to such children as would be likely to be forgotten on this festive occasion. The *Pansy* has been a regular visitor here for the past four or five years, and we would feel very much as if one of the family were gone, if we were deprived of it.

Mrs. Alden is still in the fresh prime of her strength. She carries her work with quick step and sunny uplook. She is so wise and so friendly, so good an interpreter—let us be glad that the eloquent pen is a swift one and tireless.—*Sarah K. Bolton, in Wide Awake.*

BOYS, HELP US.

Why is it that some boys are willing to sit around doing nothing, while their overworked mother is struggling against nature and fate to do about half the work waiting for their hands? Only the other day we saw three large, able-bodied boys lounging about the house, not knowing what to do with themselves, while their mother, tired and pale, was trying to do all the work for a large family and company alone. Not a boy's work to help about the house? Why not? Is there anything about washing dishes that will injure him or which he cannot learn to do well? or about making beds, or sweeping, or setting the table, or washing or ironing, or cooking a plain meal of victuals? Some have an idea that this is "girl's work" and it isn't manly and of no practical use. On the contrary, there is much to benefit him in such work, the most important of which is the idea that it isn't manly to let the weaker vessel carry all the burdens, when it is possible for strong young hands to help.

Most boys who are not overworked in other directions would gladly help in the house if they were asked to do so, and were taught how to do the work properly. Many a smart boy wants to help this tired mother, but does not know how beyond bringing in the wood and the water and shovelling a path through the snow. That done, she tells him to go and play while she plods wearily on. Not a boy's work? For shame! It is a positive harm to a boy's moral character to allow him to think it right to be idle while his mother is staggering under her burdens. Let the boys help, and those who can't get help "for love or money," as they often write us, will see their troubles disappear.

"But," says one, "would you have our boys to lose all their fun? Boys must play and have a good time sometimes." Yes, verily, so say we. But we are pleading for a good time all around. No true boy would play all the time, while his mother and sisters were slaving themselves to death, if he knew it. Help your mother, boys! You will never regret it, you may be sure, and instead of making you seem less manly, it will only make you seem as you are, manly enough to assist the weaker and help to carry their burdens.—*A Mother, in Christian at Work.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 16.

POWER TO FORGIVE SINS.—MATT. 9: 1-8.

COMMIT VERSES 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Matt. 9: 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ forgives the sins of all who come to him in faith.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 9: 1-8.
T. Mark 2: 1-12.
W. Luke 5 18-26.
Th. Ps. 103: 1-22
F. Acts 3: 1-11
Sa. Ps. 32: 1-11.
Su. Isa. 55: 1-13.

INTRODUCTION.—In this part of Matthew the events are not arranged in chronological order, but are grouped about the city of Capernaum.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. HE ENTERED A SHIP—to return from the country of the Gadarenes. This verse belongs to the last chaper. 2. BROUGHT TO HIM—through the roof of the house where he was preaching to crowds (see Mark 2: 1-4). PALSY—paralysis; a type of sin which destroys power of right action, and leads to uselessness, torture and death. SEEING THEIR FAITH—shown by their great exertions to reach Jesus. THY SINS BE (are) FORGIVEN THEE—Jesus saw that this was the greatest desire of the man who was near death, and whose disease may have been the fruit of his past sins. 3. SCRIBES—the teachers of the Jews, equivalent to clergymen among us. BLASPHEMETH—by taking upon himself powers that belong to God alone, hence making himself equal with God. 5. WHETHER IS EASIER TO SAY—not which is easier to do, but to prove the truth of what you say. As, for instance, it is not as easy to speak Chinese as French, but it is easier for one who is ignorant to say that he can speak Chinese, for few could detect his pretensions, but multitudes could detect his pretensions to French. 6. BUT THAT YE MAY KNOW—by a divine act which they could see, he proves the reality of the other divine act they could not see.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where, in the order of time, does this lesson belong? When and where did this miracle take place? Does verse 1 belong to *this lesson or to the last?* Why is Capernaum called "his own city"? (Matt. 4: 13.)

SUBJECT: A PARABLE OF SIN AND REDEMPTION.

I. THE PARALYTIC; A TYPE OF THE SINNER (v. 2; Mark 2: 1-4).—What was Jesus doing one day in his own city? What is said of the numbers who came to hear him? Why did they come to Jesus in such crowds? Who was brought to the house during the preaching? By how many? What is the palsy? What did they do when they reached the *house?* In what way did they make an entrance?

In what respects is paralysis a type of the moral disease of sin? Can the sinner cure himself? Are most sinners brought to Christ by means of friends? What do the four helpers of this sick man teach us about helping others?

II. SALVATION FROM SIN BY FAITH (v. 2).—What showed the faith of these men? What did Jesus say to the sick man? Why did he say this before he healed the man? May the paralytic have desired this most in his heart? Was it the greater blessing? What is it to have our sins forgiven? Why is faith necessary to this?

III. SALVATION PROVED (vs. 3-8).—Who made objection to what Jesus did? What did they call it? How did they argue it to be blasphemy? (Mark 2: 7.) Would it have been blasphemy if Jesus were not divine? How did Jesus answer them? State his argument in *your own words.* What did he now do for the sick man? What did the multitude do in view of it?

How can we prove that our sins are forgiven? (2 Cor. 7: 11; Acts 2: 38.) Will God help our temporal needs also? Can he do this more easily if we repent and love him? (Rom. 8: 28; Ps. 103: 17, 18.)

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 23.

THREE MIRACLES.—MATT. 9: 18-31.

COMMIT VERSES 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

According to your faith be it unto you.—Matt. 9: 29.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Faith is the condition of the highest temporal and spiritual blessings.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 9: 18-31.
T. Mark 5: 21-43.
W. Luke 8: 40-56.
Th. Heb. 11: 1-10.
F. Luke 18: 1-8.
Sa. John 9: 1-25.
Su. James 2: 14-26.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 5: 21-43; Luke 8: 40-56.

INTRODUCTION.—We now go back to the events following Lesson II. On Jesus' return from the country of the Gadarenes to Capernaum, Matthew makes a feast, and invites Jesus, who comes to the feast, and holds an interesting religious conversation with some Pharisees and others. It was at this feast that Jairus came for Jesus.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

18. WHILE HE SPAKE THESE THINGS—to the Pharisees at the feast of Matthew (see previous verses). RULER—of the synagogue, probably the one which the Roman centurion had built (Lesson I). His name was Jairus. WORSHIPPED—by falling down before him; an act of reverence. IS EVEN NOW DEAD—at the point of death, so near that he thought that she must have died since he left her. 20. THE HEM—or border of his outer garment reaching about to his waist. His story is told more fully in Mark. 23. MINSTRELS—flute-players who had come with the other people to express the mourning over the dead. 24. NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH—not to remain dead, but to be raised up as one from sleep. LAUGHED TO SCORN—showing that they knew she was really dead. 27. THOU SON OF DAVID—the popular title of the Messiah. 30. STRAITLY—strictly. NO MAN KNOW IT—(1) to avoid tumult, (2) to avoid *such numbers of* applicants for healing that he would have no time for preaching.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When did the miracles of this lesson take place? In or near what city? In what other Gospels are two of them recorded?

SUBJECT: ILLUSTRATIONS OF FAITH.

I. THE FAITH OF JAIRUS (vs. 18, 19, 23-26.)—In whose house was Jesus? (Matt. 9: 9, 10; Luke 5: 29.) Who were with him? Who found *fault with him for this?* Who came to Jesus while he was at this feast? (v. 18.) What was his name? (Mark 5: 22.) What did he ask of Jesus? How did he show his faith? Had he any reasons to believe that Jesus could restore his child? What did Jesus do? (v. 19.) Who went with him? What message came to him on the way? (Mark 5: 35.) What did Jesus do when he came into the house? What were the minstrels for? How many persons went into the inner room with Jesus? (Mark 5: 37.) What did he say to the dead girl? (Mark 5: 41.)

What did Jesus teach us by his raising the dead to life? What qualities do you find in Jairus' faith? What can you learn from it about the faith we should have in Jesus?

II. THE CAPERNAUM WOMAN'S FAITH (vs. 20-22.)—What happened to Jesus on the way to the house of Jairus? Why did she touch him and not ask for help? How did Jesus know she touched his garment? (Mark 5: 30.) What did the woman do when Jesus asked who touched him? (Mark 5: 33.) What did Jesus reply? In what sense had her faith made her whole?

What are the qualities of this woman's faith? What is the faith that will make us spiritually whole?

III. THE BLIND MEN'S FAITH.—Who met Jesus on his way back from the house of Jairus? How did they address him? Was this a sign that *they had faith?* How did Jesus test their faith? What did he promise them? What was the result? In what *sense* is Jesus the light of the world?

Is it still true that it shall be done to us according to our faith? What qualities of *faith* do you find in these blind men? Why is faith essential to receiving the best blessings? Why shall it be done *to us according to our faith?* In what respects are death, sickness and blindness types of the effects of sin? What do we learn from this lesson as to the means of their removal?

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter, 1897.)

1. Oct. 2.—The Centurion's Faith. Matt. 8: 5-13.
2. Oct. 9.—The Tempest Stilled. Matt. 8: 18-27.
3. Oct. 16.—Power to Forgive Sins. Matt 9: 1-8.
4. Oct. 23.—Three Miracles. Matt. 9: 18-31.
5. Oct. 30.—The Harvest and the Laborers. Matt. 9: 35-38, and 10: 1-8.
6. Nov. 6.—Confessing Christ. Matt. 10: 32-42.
7. Nov. 13.—Christ's Witness to John. Matt. 11: 2-15.
8. Nov. 20.—Judgment and Mercy. Matt. 11: 20-30.
9. Nov. 27.—Jesus and the Sabbath. Matt. 12: 1-14.
10. Dec. 4.—Parable of the Sower. Matt. 13: 1-9.
11. Dec. 11.—Parable of the Tares. Matt. 13: 24-30.
12. Dec. 18.—Other Parables. Matt. 13: 31-33, [and 44-52.
13. Dec. 25.—Review and Christmas Lesson.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WEEKLY HOUSEWORK.

We will begin now with Monday, washing day. Our experience teaches that the meals, regular and well served, should come first in importance, every day, and all other matters be arranged to carry out this point. So, after the first meal, the breakfast, is over, the bed making and all the daily general work done, then comes the washing. One cup of household ammonia and one spoonful of well-dissolved washing soda in the first washing water, makes washing very easy, while most of the preparations sold for the purpose, contain lime and other strong ingredients, which, while they do whiten, greatly injure the clothes. Fifteen minutes scalding in a tub is far easier and quite as effective as boiling clothes; but if the latter is preferred, one spoonful of turpentine to each boiler of clothes makes them very white. For boiled starch, add a little butter, or lard or kerosene oil, to give polish, and raw starch, if made with a weak suds of common bar soap, will be smooth and give no trouble in the ironing.

If a heavy counterpane is to be washed, hang it up dripping wet, and when dry it will be found as white as snow.

Blankets should have no soap rubbed on them, but having been well washed in two strong suds, should be hung up, straight, and dripping out of a third suds. They will not shrink but be very soft, like new blankets. A bright, sunny day should be chosen for washing blankets and heavy articles. Fruit and coffee stains are readily removed from table linen by hanging them in the sun very wet, and dipping again, as often as dry, in clear water. *Merinos* should be washed in hot suds, and hung up at once out of a clean suds; they shrink if allowed to be wet too long.

Colored hosiery should be laid in strong salt water, over night, when new, and they will in most cases "wash well" thereafter. Lawns and prints in blue, will not fade if laid a while in saltpetre water, and then washed with little soap. Borax added to the water will prevent almost any goods from fading. Delicate laces to be done at home, should be cleansed by squeezing in the hand, through several soapy waters, not rubbed at all, then left a while to bleach in a strong suds of fine soap, to which a little ammonia has been added. If a brown tint, as of old lace, is desired, rinse in weak coffee. Pin fine laces carefully into shape on a flat surface, on a clean cloth, but do not iron them.

Family washing should be "dampened down" and covered Monday night, preparatory to the following day's ironing, and not taken at random, right from the basket, and ironed, as is sometimes done. "There is a right way and a wrong way to do" all these things, and the right way is, by far, the easier.

Tuesday, ironing day. A reasonable washing should be all ironed on the regular day. Of course, there are exceptions, but habit is powerful here. Must is a powerful word, too, and when I say, tell a servant she must have her ironing through on Tuesday, it opens a wide field on the very interesting and important "servant question." However, a decided but good-natured must to our own Biddy, has brought our ironing to us, regularly, Tuesday, for a long time; when, from sheer habit, she had, for "three years in her last place," been allowed to while away two whole days on an ironing for three persons. To Wednesday morning belongs the return of the basket of clean clothes, neatly folded, after airing all night, to be examined, repaired, and put away by the mistress.

Windows cannot be kept clean in the city, where dust is constantly arising, save by weekly attention. Silicon and a chamois skin are often used for this purpose, but a sponge, wet in warm soda water, a soft cloth and a crushed newspaper are quite as effective. The window-sill and every nook and corner of the inside shutters should be thoroughly looked after, for no dust is to be raised on sweeping day, by the wet cornmeal process, as we have shown above. Clean all the mirrors, in the same way as the windows. Take off the glass shades, wash in good suds, dry, polish and return to the gas burners. Remove any extra finger-marks that may have been left on the paint; and Wednesday's duties are then only the meals.

On Thursday comes silver cleaning. Use electro-silicon, applied wet, and rubbed off, when dry, with a plate brush, polish with soft flannel; and this is done, leaving the regular afternoon for Biddy out.

Friday, general sweeping day, the day we have beds and tables moved out, and swept under, but the buffet and bureaus, and heavier furniture are moved out only the first Friday in each month, for that is often enough.

All mats and rugs in the house should be brushed, as well as shaken and aired. The parlor should be the first room put in order, it is ready then for unexpected visitors; next the bedrooms, then the dining-room, and lastly the halls. Wash up all stained floors, oil such hard wood as requires it, give all the wash-bowls and faucets, as well as the bath-tub a good demonstration of the properties and power of sapolio; give another look for finger-marks on the paint, in the rooms generally, and Friday's work is complete.

Saturday, the kitchen. To how many this word conveys only an idea of confusion, of labor never ended! A place for everything, and nothing in its place! The state of things in this department depends greatly upon the mistress of the house; her idea of order and her tact in enforcing it. The rest of the house, well kept for five days, makes Saturday's work, the care of the kitchen, light. The weekly marketing of groceries coming in, should be put away, each item in its own place. Be liberal in the use of soap and washing soda, and look well after the corners. Make preparations for the next day's meals, as far as possible, that Sunday may be literally a "day of rest." Stir up Biddy's ambition to get through early, and allow her to "rest upon her oars," for her duties are well done, our house is in order, we are content, and it is Saturday night.

PRE-EMPT THE GROUND.

My heart has gone out to that child of five years, described in the Notes on "Open Letters," who disobeys, lies, steals, and seeks bad company. May I offer this suggestion? It is good to note what tools the devil uses, and take a hint from them. This child, by his aptitude for strange company and bad words, shows that he has a taste for what is odd, surprising, out of the commonplace or the conventional; for that which is free, and which is to him romantic and novel. The daily playground and the daily playmates do not content him; he steals away to "hunt other company" and new places. Now let his mother take advantage of this before Satan can. If there is in the city a big forge, or bellows, a steam derrick, a steam engine, to be seen; if there is a factory accessible; if there are men at work on high buildings or bridges—there let the child be taken, and shown the sights of life. Let him be shown the fire-engine, the mud-dredge, the pile-driver, the road-roller—anything that will be to him great and romantic, and yet not corrupting; the boat-crews on the river, if there are such, or athletes in the gymnasium. Moreover, let his parents gratify his taste for the new and marvellous with tales of daring and adventure, of arctic explorations, of travels on a bicycle, of war-stories, of Indian life, anything he will listen to most eagerly. Pre-empt the ground. I knew a mother who was disturbed that her boy showed no taste for books. After some experiment, she found that the stories of Mayne Reid attracted him. For a year or two, she let him have all he wanted of those stories, and at the end of that time he knew that books had something for him as well as for others. As a man, he turns often to books for recreation, though he still loves books of travel best ... An aptitude for oaths shows that this child loves what is startling and effective in language. Let the parent, in talking with him, give him occasionally a good, sounding word, quite above his comprehension. It will instantly prove attractive. A very good family game is to let each child bring some big word from the dictionary, and see which can pronounce it and explain it best. To me it seems no more possible for a child's will to steer the child right, than for a child's muscles to win a university boat-race. The parent's will must stand him in stead. The expression of the parent's will is the education of the child's. Its prompt expression by punishment is indispensable. By companioning and care, as little opportunity for disobedience and deceit as possible should be allowed; but when the child does lie and disobey, he should be promptly and unfailingly punished. I cannot see any place for "entreaty and tears" in dealing with a child of five years. It is a virtual humbling of the parent before the child, most unseemly and injurious. "He so little, and you so big!" exclaimed a simple-minded bachelor to a lady who complained she could not manage her baby boy. The whole environment of the child is in the parent's hands. The best way to help the child to will to obey righteous rule, is through early years to see to it that he does obey it. As well expect a six-months' baby to get out of his high-chair alone, as a six-years' child to obey righteous rule by virtue of his will-power only; unless, indeed, he be a most exceptional child. He lives by substituted will-power; and so he ought to live and learn.—*Cor. S. S. Times.*

SELF-APPOINTED MARTYRS.

So much is written about the value of system, so mathematically are systems demonstrated, that some of us are fain to be tied by our rules hand and foot. Do I not know women who are fluttered and perturbed, who lose temper and poise, on the instant that they are confronted with an emergency? Defeated when they encounter an interruption, utterly routed if interruptions crowd, simply because they have left no margin for anything outside their system. It is always a pity to exalt the scaffolding over the house, to care less for the picture and more for the frame. The inflexible woman who never has fires lighted in her house until a certain day, who dons her furs or lays them off in complete independence of the thermometer, who sets her sofa in one corner and her easy chair in another, and decrees that there they shall remain, is not of a lovable type. Her children shrink from proposing the most innocent innovation. The boys find home, sweet home, the dullest place on earth, and fly from its precincts as early as possible. As for bringing a friend unexpectedly to luncheon, her husband would as soon think of an infraction of the moral law. In the name of all that is good, let us be queens of our system, not its slaves.

There are women who have set up cleanliness as their graven image, and who, consequently, keep their households in a state of fluctuation between the suds and the scrubbing-brush. "I never work hard," said a daughter, "and get a clear place where mother and I can sit down and rest, that she doesn't at once think of something else to clean." "Wot's the use," grumbled an old Virginia aunty, "of my gettin' de ironin' done, honey? You all o' sutinly set me to washin' de windows."

A perfectly clean house is a triumph over city dust and dirt not to be underrated, yet I pity the housekeeper whose devotion to neatness and order makes her family wretched. There are woman who shudder if you disturb a curtain or set a chair awry.

Woe be to you if you touch profanely a volume in their exquisitely-appointed apartments. A dozen times in an evening have I seen one of these self-appointed martyrs rise to straighten the drapery which a heedless visitor had displaced, or set at just the predestined angle the book which an unlucky movement has disturbed from its particular pile. "I used to be considered a decent sort of fellow at home," exclaimed the young husband of one of these martinets, with a clumsy attempt at hiding his confusion, "but Mamie has no end of trouble with me. I really," with a laugh which had a suspicion of pain, "feel afraid to move about in my wife's parlor."

We women are the arbiters of our own and our children's lives to an extent which should make us willing to decide what in household life is essential, what is merely non-essential. For the life is more than meat, the body is more than raiment.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

IN THE LAUNDRY.

There are various ways of washing. Many soak clothes over night, others think if the extra time it takes to soak them and to wring them out be considered, that there is no gain. I am inclined to agree with this view, unless the clothes are much soiled. You will please yourself which method you adopt, also as to whether you will put a tablespoonful of borax into the tub, or one of turpentine, or simply rub soap on the soiled parts. The thing there is no choice about, is the proper sorting of clothes; this and abundance of water is the secret of the pearly clearness that distinguishes some laundry work. After separating flannels and colored things, put handkerchiefs, collars and all the finer articles by themselves, also tablecloths and napkins, sheets, pillow-cases, etc.

About the making of starch there are so many opinions that I can but give the methods, and let each try for herself. Some experienced women say there is no necessity for boiling starch, but that it should be made like cocoa; that is, a small quantity should be wetted in as little cold water as will make a thin, smooth paste, then pour on it, slowly, actually boiling water—stirring all the time—till there are no white streaks or any cloudiness in it; it will be thick and clear, and the absence of white shows that the boiling water has cooked all the starch. I have seen excellent laundry work in which the starch has been made thus. The more usual way is to make the starch in the same way, pour boiling water on it till it thickens, and then set it on the range to boil. Some say it should boil long, others very little. I only know, that for the most beautiful ironing I ever saw the starch was always boiled a very long time, an hour or so, sometimes more, till it fell from the spoon like clear white syrup; and, on asking the woman what caused the beautiful clearness of her nainsooks and lawns, the peculiar soft stiffness, which differed so much from the paper-like texture of anyone's else work, if equally stiff,—

"It's just the boiling of the starch, ma'am, and that causes all the sticking to the iron; and when it isn't half boiled the clothes muss as soon as you get them on."

I had noticed that her clothes, beside looking so well, had the quality of not getting tumbled so soon. I, therefore, in my own house, adopt the method of boiling the starch very long.—*Catherine Owen, in Good Housekeeping, Holyoke, Mass.*

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—One of the best family desserts can be made either in city or country of apples and stale bread: peel ten good-sized apples, core and slice them, and stew them to a pulp with sugar enough to sweeten them; meantime thickly butter the sides and bottom of an oval earthen baking dish, and press all round them crumbs from the inside of a loaf of bread, having them nearly an inch thick; when the apple is done, mix with it a tablespoonful of butter and one egg beaten; put the apple into the dish without disturbing the crumbs; over the surface put an inch-thick layer of crumbs dotted with a few bits of butter, and bake the pudding until the crumbs at the sides are brown; turn a platter, just large enough to enclose the dish within its rim, over the pudding dish, quickly turn both upside down, so that the pudding will slip out on the platter, dust it with powdered sugar, and serve it hot.

PUZZLES.

OLD RIDDLE.

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.
But had *I* been in Stanley's stead
When the fierce charge was onward led,
Your piercing ken would soon decry
The cause of tears in many an eye.

CONUNDRUM.

What two letters are like a grist mill?

ENIGMA.

My first is in blue, but not in red,
My second is in rope, but not in thread.
My third is in brook, but not in river.
My fourth is in quake, but not in quiver.
My fifth is in marble, but not in stone.
My sixth is in marrow, but not in bone.
My seventh is in master, but not in boss.
My eighth is in kind, but not in cross.
My whole is a useful article.

CHARADE.

1. My first is to study; my second is a coin; my third is a standard; my whole is to bring together.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ANAGRAM.—
1st. line—Richard.
2nd. " —When.
3rd. " —End.
4th. " —Ascend.
5th. " —Richard.
6th. " —Richard.
7th. " —King Richard's well.

PYRAMID.—
B
D E N
A L L O T
B E L L O W S
G R E N A D I E R

SQUARE-WORD.—
S N O W
N O T E
O T I S
W E S T

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Stanfel Wainwright.

The Family Circle.

DAY BY DAY.

Day by day the woodlands brighten
'Neath the glowing sun of June;
Day by day the chords of Nature
Blend to swell a grander tune.

Naught moves backward, all is onward;
Each morn life begins anew
At the coming of the sunset,
Do we find our hearts more true?

Day by day how are we gliding?
Like a bark on fairy stream
Float we gently with the current?
Is life but a sunny dream?

Ah, we trust not. Life grows grander
For the breakers out at sea;
Rowing back against the tide wave.
Oft is best for you and me.

Day by day some soul we know not
Shapes his action by our own;
E'en the thought we once have cherished,
Into word and deed has grown.

One day at a time—thus only
We may toil; but Father knows.
He is all our footsteps keeping,
Through bright sunshine, through bleak snows.

When we stumble, fail, and falter,
'Tis because we from Him stray;
Cling still closer! He will guide thee
In the pure and perfect way.

By and by, in the hereafter,
When our brief day's toil is o'er,
When the feet so worn and weary
Rest upon that other shore,

Gazing backward through life's shadows,
We may see our prayers and tears,
Glorious lights along the pathway
Toward the grand, eternal years!

HOW SHE TOLD A LIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

The three travellers—kind Cousin Eva, and her young charges, Cherry and Ruth—were standing on the staircase of the curious old Hotel de Bourgtheroude, by the Place de la Pucelle, Rouen. That narrow, gloomy little square looked still narrower and gloomier in the drizzle of the dull November day; and the ugly pump in the middle of it, with a still uglier statue on the top, marking the place where Jeanne d'Arc was burnt, had been a sore disappointment to the children. They had come, enthusiastic little pilgrims, to see the spot where their favorite heroine died; and Cousin Eva could hardly get them to believe that it was the spot—that the common-looking market-place, where a few ordinary modern market-people were passing and re-passing, had actually been the scene of that cruel deed—that from the very identical windows of those very identical houses, brutal eyes had watched the maid as she stood, the flames curling round her, clasping the rude cross which some charitable soul pushed towards her hand.

"Do you remember," Cousin Eva said, "how, at the last moment, she retracted all the false confession of heresy and witchcraft which torture had wrung from her, and exclaimed, 'Yes, my voices were of God!' and how, when she saw the flames approaching her, she shut her eyes, called out once 'Jesus!' dropped her head upon her breast, and that was all;—till they raked up a handful of charred bones out of the embers, and threw them into the Seine?"

The children looked grave. At last they did realize the whole.

"I wonder what sort of a day it was," whispered Cherry; "dull and gloomy, like to-day, or with a bright blue sunshiny sky? Perhaps she looked up at it before the fire touched her. And perhaps he stood here—just where we stand—the English soldier who cried out, 'We have burnt a saint!'"

"And so she was," said Ruth, with a quiver passing over the eager little face, "a real saint."

"But, Cousin Eva," added Cherry, "why did she ever own to being a witch? And how could she say her voices were not true when she believed they were true? One way or other she must have told a lie."

Miss Cherry was of an argumentative, rather than a sentimental turn. She thought a good deal herself, and liked to make other people think too, so as to enable her to get to the bottom of things. She could never overlook the slightest break in a chain of practical reasoning; and if she had a contempt in this world, it was for a weak person, or a person who told a lie. This flaw, even in her favorite Maid of Orleans, otherwise so strong and brave, was too much for Cherry to pass over.

"Do you not think," said Cousin Eva, "that it would be possible, under stress of circumstances, to tell a lie—to confess to something one had never done? Bishop Cranmer, for instance—have you forgotten how he signed a recantation, and then thrust into the flames 'that unworthy right hand'? And Galileo, when forced by the Inquisition to declare the earth stood still, muttered afterwards, '*E pur si muove.*' Yes, yes," continued she, "one never knows what one may be driven to do till the time comes. The force of torture is very strong. Once upon a time, I remember, I told a lie."

"You told a lie!" echoed Cherry, looking with amazement into the bright, sweet, honest face—rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed—her little cousins themselves had not more innocent eyes than Eva's—as clear and round as a baby's.

"But nobody ever tortured you?" asked tender-hearted Ruth, clinging to the kindly hand, which, indeed, she never went far away from, in these alarming "foreign parts."

"No, my little girl; the thumb-screws, the rack, and the maiden belong, luckily, to that room in the Tower where we saw them once; and we are in the nineteenth and not the fifteenth century. Still, even now-a-days, a good deal of moral torture can be brought to bear upon one occasionally, especially when one is only a child, as I was then. And I was tried sharply—enough to make me remember it even now, and feel quite sure that if I had been Jeanne d'Arc I should very likely have done exactly as she did! Also I learnt, what I have tried to put in practice ever since, that nothing makes people liars like disbelieving them."

Ruth gave a little tender pressure to the hand she held, while Cherry said proudly, "You never disbelieve us, and you never need to! But tell us, Cousin Eva, about the lie you told. Was it denying something you had done, or owning to something you were quite innocent of, like poor Jeanne d'Arc? Do tell! You know how we like a story."

"What, here, in this pelt of rain?" answered Cousin Eva, as she proceeded to investigate from under her umbrella the curious bas-reliefs of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which still remain in the court of the Hotel du Bourgtheroude. "No, children; you must wait a more desirable opportunity."

Which, however, was not long in coming. The day brightened—grew into one of those exquisite days which French people call "l'ete de St. Martin"—and truly I know nothing like it, except what it most resembles, a sweet, peaceful, contented old age. So Cousin Eva decided to take the children to a place which she herself had once seen and never forgotten, the little church on a hill-top, called Notre Dame de Bon Secours.

"Is that the same which Alice sings about in the opera of 'Robert de Diable'?" and Cherry struck up, in her clear young voice—

"'Quand je quittais ma Normandie.'

Rouen is in Normandy, so of course it was the same—

'Daigne protéger nos amours,
Notre-Dame de Bon Secours.'"

"Please don't sing quite so loud, or the hotel people will hear you," said timid Ruth, and was quite relieved when they started off. I need not relate how extremely the children enjoyed the stiff climb up the hill, and admired the lovely building, all ablaze with brilliant but harmonious coloring, and the little side-chapels, filled with innumerable votive inscriptions: "A Marie," "Graces a Marie," "Elle a exauce mes vœux," &c. Curious, simple, almost childish, it all was, yet touching to those who feel, as Cousin Eva did, that to believe earnestly in anything is better than believing in nothing.

Afterwards they all sat and rested in one of the prettiest resting-places I know for those that live and move, or for "them that sleep"—the graveyard on the hill-top, close behind the church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. From this high point they could see the whole country for miles and miles, the Seine winding through it in picturesque curves. Rouen, with its bridges and streets, distinct as in a map, lay at their right hand, and, rising out of the mass of houses, etherealized by the yellow sunset light, were the two spires of the Cathedral and the Church of St. Ouen.

"Can you see the market-place, Cousin Eva? If so, poor Jeanne d'Arc, when she was brought out to die, must have seen this hill, with the church on the top of it; that is, supposing there was a church."

"There might have been, though not this one, which is modern, you see."

"I wonder," continued Cherry, who was always wondering, "if she looked up at it, and thought it hard that Notre Dame de Bon Secours should not have succoured her. Perhaps, because, to escape from the heretic English, she had told a lie."

"And that reminds me," added Ruth, who was not given to ethical questions, "that while we sit and rest, we might hear from Cousin Eva about the lie she told."

"Yes, yes. Please say, Cousin Eva, was it a big or a little one? Why did you tell it? And was it ever found out?"

"I don't quite see the difference between big and little, my child. A lie is a lie, though sometimes there are extenuating circumstances in the reason for telling it. And once told, the question whether or not it is ever found out, does not matter. My lie never was found out, but it grieved me all the same."

"Will it grieve you to tell about it? I should not like that," said Ruth softly.

"No, dear; because I have long since forgiven myself. I was such a small child, much younger than either of you, and, unlike you, I had no parents, only an aunt and uncle and a lot of rough cousins, who domineered over me and made me afraid. That was the cause. The sure way to make a child untruthful is to make it afraid. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the shudder of terror that came over me when my eldest cousin clutched me by the shoulder saying, 'Did you do that?'

"And what had you done?" asked Cherry.

"Nothing, but Will thought I had. We were all digging in our gardens, and he had just found his favorite jessamine plant lying uprooted on the ground. It had been my favorite too, but Will took it from my garden and planted it in his own, where I watched it anxiously, for I was afraid it would die."

"'You did it on purpose,' Will persisted; 'or if not out of revenge, out of pure silliness. Girls are always so silly. Didn't you propose yesterday to dig it up just to see if it had got a root?'

"Which was quite true. I was a very silly little girl, but I meant no harm. I wouldn't for the world have harmed either Will or his jessamine. I told him so, but he refused to believe me. So did they all. They stood round me, and declared I must have done it. Nobody else had been in the garden, except indeed a dog, who was in the habit of burying his bones there. But they never thought of him as the sinner, it was only of me. And when I denied doing the thing, they were only the more angry.

"'You know you are telling a lie. And where do little girls go to that tell lies?' cried Will, who sometimes told them himself, but then he was a boy, and it was a rule in that family, a terribly mistaken one, that the boys might do anything, and the girls must always give in to the boys. So when Will looked fiercely at me, repeating, 'You know you did it,' I almost felt as if I really had done it. Unable to find another word, I began to cry.

"'Look here, you children'—he called all the rest children—'Eva has gone and pulled up my jessamine, out of spite, or mischief, or pure silliness—I don't know which, and I don't care. I'd forgive her, if she would only confess, but she won't. She keeps on telling lie after lie, and we won't stand children that tell lies. If we punish her, she'll howl, so I propose that until she confesses we all send her to Coventry.'

"'It's a very nice town, but I don't want to go there,' said I, at which I remember they all burst out laughing, and I cried only the more.

"I had no idea what 'sending to Coventry' meant, unless it was like sending to Siberia, which I had lately been reading of, or to the quicksilver mines, where condemned convicts were taken, and where nobody ever lived more than two years. Perhaps there were quicksilver mines at Coventry? A cold shudder of fear ran through me, but I was utterly powerless. I could but die.

"Soon I discovered what my punishment was; and, though not death, it was hard enough. Fancy, children, being treated day after day, and all day long, just as if you were a chair or a table—never taken the least notice of, never answered if you spoke, never spoken to on any account; never played with, petted or scolded. Completely and absolutely ignored. This was being 'sent to Coventry,' and it was as cruel a punishment as could have been inflicted upon any little girl, especially a sensitive little girl who liked her playfellows, rough as they were, and was very fond of one of them, who was never rough, but always kind and good.

"This was a little boy who lived next door. His parents, like mine, were out in India; nor had he any brothers or sisters. He was just my age, and younger than any of my cousins. So we were the best of friends—Tommy and I. His surname I have forgotten, but I know we always called him Tommy, and that I loved him dearly. The bitterest pang of all this bitter time was that even Tommy went over to the enemy.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT CAN HIS RELIGION BE LIKE?

I was one day walking by a river in China. I had a long day's journey before me, and I was walking along with two men behind me carrying my luggage, some things I had to eat, and so on, when I presently saw coming towards me a very fine-looking Chinaman. When I come near enough I saw that he was a great opium smoker. His cheeks were sunken, and his whole appearance was that of a man who had smoked opium for many years. I stopped and talked with him, and he told me that he belonged to a very good family, that he had smoked opium, and was now an outcast, and that he was on the verge of starvation, and his wife also, through this baneful drug. I felt that as an Englishman I was, in some respects, responsible for the terrible harm we are doing in China by sending the opium to this people. Though, so far as I can recall, I did not say a word to him about the Gospel of Christ, I did something else. I put my hand in my pocket and gave him a dollar, and then I went on my way. I was very much surprised some years afterwards when that same man came down for admisson to our College at Foochow, recommended by his native pastor as a man who had been working most earnestly and faithfully as a Christian in his particular place. I found out this, that this simple act of mine, forgotten almost as soon as it was done, made that young man think, "what can a religion be like that would cause a perfect stranger to act in such a kind way to me?" And so he went away to one of our smaller churches, and he had a conversation with the catechist in charge there, and he was told how Christ could give him power to break off this evil habit of opium smoking. The power was given to him. His opium pipe was smashed in two, and from that time he took no more. The consequence is that Christ brought him to Himself, and he was a true Christian ever afterwards. I may tell you that some time afterwards he incurred a terrible disease. He had to bear terrible suffering. He came to our native hospital at Foochow to die, and it was not long before he died. The doctor told my fellow-missionary to tell him he had not long to live, and so he sat down by his bedside and said, "Ingao, you will die, the doctor tells me, before long." But the young fellow said to his teacher, "Living is death, dying is life." And now he has gone in to see the King. The Gospel of Christ prevailed in his heart, and he is now with the Master, whom we serve.—*Rev. H. Lloyd, at Mildway.*

"NEVER BE SORRY for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. Never be sorry you were magnanimous, if the person was mean afterward. Never be sorry that you gave, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side and be mean."

WHEN we are least worthy, most tempted, hardest, unkindest, let us yet commend our spirits into His hands. Whither else dare we send them?—*Geo. Macdonald.*

THE GREATEST OF AFRICAN TRAVELLERS.

We give in this number, in the form of a picture, what *has already* appeared in our columns, and with which not one of our readers is unfamiliar, a sketch of the life of the greatest of African travellers. And yet, to which of us will the story of David Livingstone ever grow old—the weaver boy, snatching odd minutes at his loom for his beloved book; the daring hunter, in imminent danger of ending *his life* work before it had well begun; the intrepid explorer, pressing alone with his black servants over mountain and plain, over lake and river where the foot of white man had never trod before; the devoted servant of God proclaiming the good news of salvation to the waiting thousands who but for him would have gone down to their graves knowing it not; the grand old hero, worn out with exposure and disease, being borne by faithful servants to the hut which was to prove his last resting place upon earth; and the last scene of all when the weary toiler, while kneeling, fainting and alone, in that desolate land, in the midst of his last earthly prayer for his beloved Africa, is called away to his eternal rest,—who does not love to go over it again and again and as they close thank God for the great spirit he sent among us?

The following quotation from a biography of him by Robert Smiles will be read with interest:—

"The course of training of the missionary students included the preparation of sermons, which were submitted to Mr. Cecil. When corrected, they were committed to *memory, and*, as opportunity presented itself, preached to some village congregation. Livingstone's prospects as a successful preacher were somewhat remote; it soon became evident that pulpit oratory would not be his strong point. One Sunday morning the minister of *Stanford Rivers* was taken ill, and a messenger was sent to Mr. Cecil asking him, if in his power, to send a substitute. Livingstone had got up a sermon, and was sent. His first public appearance as a preacher was a painful disaster. He gave out the text, but, alas! the sermon was clean gone out of mind, and he could only blurt out, 'Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say,' and scuttle out of the pulpit and chapel!"

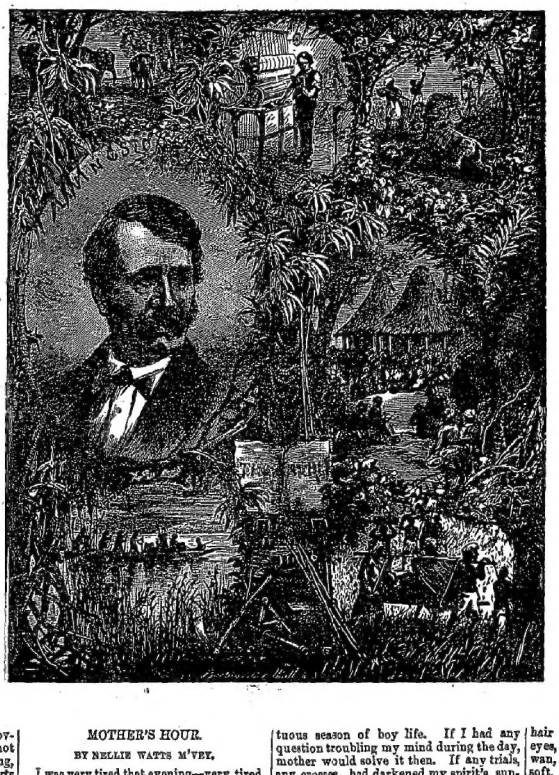
Also a paragraph showing the multiplicity of his labors and the privations he endured. In a letter he says:

"I have a very strong desire to go and reduce the *new language* to writing, but I cannot perform impossibilities. I don't think it quite fair for the churches to expect their messenger to live, as if he were the Prodigal Son, on the husks that the swine do eat."

His biographer remarks:

"Such are the rewards *for some* of the world's bravest and best—one hundred pounds a year for such a pair of workers! Pinching poverty, coarse food, and sometimes, not enough even of that, tattered clothing, of care very much, common comforts small and few, luxuries that are necessaries with many dwellers at home, altogether unknown. What a conjunction of dignity and drudgery Livingstone's life displays! A physician for soul and body; bishop of an empire diocese; medical practitioner with an immense practice, carried on 'gratis to the poor;' the equal and co-worker with the most eminent scientific men of their day, each of these with his specialty, Livingstone making discriminating, valuable contributions to each; a practical linguist, making original contributions to the philological stock of the civilized world; a working forester and gardener; a 'Jack of all trades' in handicraft; a lion-hunter; 'a hewer of wood and drawer of water,' and all for £100 a year, out of which he must provide his personal and family necessaries, and find physic for his immense practice!"

"It was," says a competent authority on the subject, "one of the chief glories of Livingstone that, while our knowledge of north-eastern Africa has been gradually accumulated by the journeys of successive explorers, aided, to a considerable extent, by money and the numerous attendants and powerful assistance it could command, Livingstone alone, with an income of only about £100 a year till 1856, and until then unhelped by the money or influence of others, equipped only with his own native power and character, solved the problem of the southern continent and disclosed its main features, mapped the general configuration, watersheds, and approximate levels of a country embracing nearly 3,000,000 square miles. The great Zambesi and its important tributaries, the central lakes from Ngami to Tanganyika, the great plateau, with its eastern and western ridges, were all brought to light by the sagacity, endurance, and perseverance of one man."



MOTHER'S HOUR.

BY NELLIE WATTS M'VEY.

I was very tired that evening—very tired. My head and limbs ached with the unaccustomed labor, for I had but just returned from a long summer's idling, and there was much to do.

The supper was over at last, the dishes stacked in the pan, the table shoved back into its place, and the lamp-light lay with a cheerful glow over all the roomy kitchen. The autumn moonlight lay like a silver vision over everything without, creeping shyly in at the open door, and flooding the floor with its mellow beams. Our guest lingered, chatting with my husband, and I looked across to where my baby boy sat, sleepily nodding in his chair, beside which my little student bent earnestly over book and slate.

The silent finger of the clock pointed to the hour of eight, and I said:

"Come, Birdie, we will go to bed now;" and, followed by my thoughtful, sober eldest son, we went up into the moonlit chambers above. The lisping prayers were listened to, the little brown heads were pillowed restfully, and then there were questions to be answered—*questions* always reserved for the bed-time hour—and then with good-night kisses, I left them alone in the soft radiance of the moonlight, returning wearily to my work.

"You were long away," smiled my husband.

"Yes," I said, "it takes a good deal of thought to put the little bodies and minds to bed aright."

Our guest sat silently regarding the patch of moonlight lying across the open doorway, his hands clasped over the back of his head, his chair half tilted back.

"I wonder," he said, dreamily, "if mothers realize the importance of this 'putting to bed aright' business. I remember when I was a little tot of a boy, like the little *fellow up-stairs, how I used to look forward* all day to this hour. It was the one glimpse of heaven and peace in the tempestuous season of boy life. If I had any question troubling my mind during the day, mother would solve it then. If any trials, any crosses, had darkened my spirit's sunshine, mother would soothe them away with the gentle touch of her loving hand. If any dark shadows of disobedience, unkindness or stubbornness lay like a blot on my memory, haunting the daylight, I knew the twilight hour would bring peace and forgiveness and love.

"So, through all the storms and griefs of the day, the anticipation of the evening's *comfort* came like a star, struggling through the gloom of night, and I knew that at that hour, I could go to one ear ever ready to listen to my complaints and confessions, and mother would comfort me.

"One day—I will carry its memory with me to my grave—mother had been fretful and impatient, and I had been rebellious and had not tried very hard to please. The baby had been restless and cross, and I had not been very kind to him. I had performed slowly and reluctantly the little services asked of me, and I did not feel very happy; still, I thought I would tell her I was sorry, when I kissed her good-night, and she would forgive me. When the long, trying day drew to a close, she said to my father, wearily, 'Things drag so with me, to-day; everything goes wrong, and my work is not half done. So he took the task from her tired hands and said tenderly:

"'Well, dear, go with the little ones to their room, and don't do anything more to-night.'

"She put out her hands, and we, tired, trying little fellows, went gladly away with her. When our prayers were said, and the baby sank away into slumber with his prayer half finished upon his sleepy lips, she put her arms about me, and, leaning her forehead—I can feel its hot throbbing yet—against my cheek; said:

"'Mamma is sorry she was cross with her boy to-day; but she is not well, and you know she loves you.'

"'O, mamma!' I said; 'it was I who was not good to you. It seems I could not be a good boy.' 'Did you try?' she asked, smoothing the hair away from my brow with a gentle, caressing touch. 'You must always ask God to help you to be a good boy.'

"I will never forget the picture she made, sitting there in the silver radiance of the full round moon—her soft brown hair lying like a cloud over her shoulders; her fair, wan face, white and weary, her tired hands lingering, O so tenderly, on my brow and hair—my gentle, fading mother.

"She bent her face to mine, kissing me on brow and cheek and lips, and said: 'Mamma does not mind, dear; she knows her boy loves her; and some days mamma herself has a hard struggle to be patient and kind. Mamma knows all about how hard it is to be good. But, remember my son, God always helps those who help themselves.' Then she straightened the white covering over our tired limbs, kissing us both, lightly, lovingly, tenderly, saying, 'Good night, my son;' and then she drifted, like a white cloud, out into the darkened hall beyond. I remember I fell asleep wondering what the world would be without my mother. I knew, all too soon. I saw her but once again alive.

"In the night-time, I was awakened from a sweet dream, and they told me my mother was dying. They took us to her bedside, where, pale and pinched with pain, lay my one faultless friend—dying. She opened her soft, sweet eyes, a wan smile came to her lips, and she said, kissing us—'God bless and keep my darlings;' then a great change came to her face, and they told us she was dead."

After a pause, he continued, in a voice through which ran a quiver of tears: "That was years and years ago, and the flowers have blossomed and faded many a long, long day, between her face and mine. But the vision of a white-robed figure, with warm brown hair drifting over her white shoulders, eyes strangely tender, shining out of a wan, weary face, and the memory of a soft, caressing hand upon my upturned brow; a low, sweet voice saying to my soul, 'Remember, my son, God always helps those who help themselves,' come to me in every hour of trial, in every hour of bitterness and despair, and evermore, between me and temptation, that memory comes like a spirit of warning; and the influence of the twilight hour is strong enough to hold me back from many of the vices and weaknesses of the world about me."

There was a long pause. At last our guest arose quietly and walked away to the door, and as he passed out into the darkness, he spoke a husky-voiced "good-night" and left us in the awed silence which his story had thrown about us.—*Christian Evangelist.*

OF WHAT A HIDEOUS PROGENY is debt the father! What lies, what meanness, what invasions on self respect, what cares, what double dealing? How, in due season, it will carve the frank, open face into wrinkles! How, like a knife, it will stab the honest heart.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands.")

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued).*

At another time we read in Her Majesty's journal of a conversation she had with Dr. MacLeod during his last illness. "He dwelt then, as always," she writes, "on the love and goodness of God.... No one ever felt so convinced, and so anxious to convince others, that God was a loving Father who wished all to come to Him, and to preach of a living, personal Saviour, One who loved us as a Brother and a Friend to whom all could come, and should come, with trust and confidence."

Of these early years of Her Majesty's widowhood an illustrious Statesman, the Duke of Argyll, has written: "It ought to be known to all the people of this country that during all the years of the Queen's affliction, during which she has lived necessarily in comparative retirement, she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as Sovereign of this country; that on no occasion during her grief has she struck work, so to speak, in those public duties which belong to her exalted position."

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not for thou art royal, but endure."

CHAPTER V.—SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.

When Parliament met on the 19th of February, 1863, the Queen's Message announced the approaching marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The news of this event was received with a warm and loyal response, both from the Parliament and the country—a response that had in it an undercurrent of yet deeper feeling than would have been called forth, under other and unshadowed circumstances, even by an occasion of such immense interest to the nation:—for

"How we deem of his mother and one gone above,
Can never be said or sung."

All loyal hearts rejoiced in the expectation that this new train of thoughts, and hopes, might tend to lighten the royal mother's load of sorrowful memories.

All the land was glad in the coming of

"The Sea-King's daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,"

The Queen's yacht brought Princess Alexandra and her royal parents and brother to England, with an escort of ships of war. Then followed a triumphal entry into London on the way to Windsor, where the royal marriage took place, with every circumstance of stately grandeur the widowed Queen looking on at the ceremony which, with all its gladness, must yet have recalled in fresh vividness to her lonely heart the vanished happiness which had so long been her own.

The birth of her grandson, Prince Albert Victor, in 1864; the death of her uncle Leopold King of the Belgians, in 1865; and the marriage of her daughter, Princess Helena, in 1866, brought their contrasts of joy and sorrow, and their calls for sympathy, upon the ever ready heart of our Queen.

Her Majesty has always taken a deep interest in the various remarkable men who have risen to celebrity during her reign. When the great missionary traveller, Dr. Livingstone, was for a short time in England, the Queen sent for him and conversed with him, treating him with marked kindness, and showing the warmest interest in the great work of bringing light into "the Dark Continent," to which he was dedicating his life. Long years before, Her Majesty's interest in Africa had been awakened by a present which she had received from a native prince, of the Youriba tribe, accompanied by a letter desiring that the Queen would permit his country to have commerce with England. The present and the letter were brought to England by a missionary; and they were presented to the Queen by the late Earl of Chichester, the President, and the devoted friend of the Church Missionary Society,—as well known for his eminent and consistent Christian character, as for his steadfast support of every good work and benevolent enterprise within the reach of his widespread influence. Her Majesty most graciously received the gift, and authorized Lord Chichester to write an answer, in which, after expressing the Queen's thanks to Sagbua and his chiefs, and telling them that commerce of industry is blessed by God, but that commerce in slaves will make poor and miserable both the nation that sells and the nation that buys them, these remarkable words occur: "But commerce alone will not make a nation great and happy, like England. England has become great and happy by the knowledge of the true God and Jesus Christ.

"The Queen is, therefore, very glad to hear that Sagbua and the chiefs have so kindly received the missionaries, who carry with them the Word of God, and that so many of them are willing to hear it.

"In order to show how much the Queen values God's Word, she sends with this, as a present to Sagbua, a copy of this Word in two languages—one the Arabic—the other the English."

In 1867, following in the steps of the Prince Consort, the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the Royal Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences. The effort was great, but the Queen said that she was "sustained by the thought that her presence would promote the accomplishment of one of his great designs;" and in 1868, Her Majesty performed the same ceremony for the new St. Thomas's Hospital, saying that it was a solace to her to promote such beneficial institutions. Our gracious Queen seems ever to bear in her mind, a verse which she has had inscribed beneath a statuette of the Prince Consort, which she gave to Prince Albert Victor, in memory of his grandfather:

"Walk as he walked, in faith and righteousness;
Strive, as he strove, the weak and poor to aid,
Seek not thyself, but other men to bless;
Go, win, like him, a wreath that will not fade."

The great event which marked 1870 was the war between Germany and France. England maintained a strict neutrality, but at the same time she showed her generous sympathy with the sufferers of both nations, by sending a supply of comforts of all sorts for their aid.

The close alliance of the Royal Family of England with the Royal Families of Germany and Hesse-Darmstadt added to the anxiety with which the gigantic struggle was watched; and intense was the Queen's sympathy with her daughters, when their husbands were encountering all the perils of campaigning and battle.

The winter of 1871 brought a terrible threatening of fresh bereavement to the sad heart of our widowed Queen. The Prince of Wales was stricken down with typhoid fever, and lay at the point of death. Outside the sacred anguish of that darkened room, where his devoted wife and loving sister kept sorrowful watch, and the royal mother knelt in her grief beside her unconscious son, on whom the shadow of death was falling—a nation waited in breathless suspense.

Never, even in time of war, were telegrams scanned with more painful anxiety than were those bringing tidings of a single sufferer, lying at the gate of death, to multitudes hungering for one word of hope.

The pulses of all England beat together as in one mighty heart. And with it, all the true loyalty of Scotland, all of generous sympathy in Ireland, sprang up like a fountain in prayer for that precious life. America remembered her relationship, and blended her intercessions with ours. Far away on the shores of India, the fire-worshipper arose and called upon his god; and in the Holy Land, as in their synagogues in England, the Hebrews besought Jehovah to spare the Christian prince.

THE QUEEN IN 1861.

Still the dread fever consumed the life-springs of its victim; and step by step Death was advancing to claim his prey.

Then flashed along the electric wires, on the morning of Sunday the 10th of December, a call to prayer—reaching every church throughout the land; and all the Noncomformist congregations joined in the fervent pleading.

Three times that Sunday morning the Royal Family were summoned to see their loved one die!

Four nights the ringers were kept on duty at St. Paul's ready to toll the great bell which would announce to the city of London that "the Hope and Expectancy of this fair nation" had passed away.

The singular coincidence that it was the same fever, at precisely the same time of year, which had deprived the Queen, the Royal Family, and the Country, of the priceless life of the Prince Consort, added to the deepening apprehension, as the mournful anniversary of the 14th of December drew nigh.

Engagements for pleasure, and even attention to all but necessary business, seemed by general consent to be relinquished. The Nonconformists postponed their convention; the working men, their meetings. An address was in process of almost universal signature amongst the Republicans of London, expressive of their deep and respectful sympathy with the Queen and the Princess of Wales; and concluding, with a generous inconsistency worthy of the noblest thing on earth—the heart of an Englishman—"that whilst they still retained their preference for a Republican form of government, they warmly wished and prayed that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales might long live to fulfil his high destinies."

"Such was our England's deeper heart, at one
With sad-crowned mother, and with sweet young wife,
It brooked no crossing current into strife
With the full tide of loyal love to run."

(To be continued.)

TRYING TO GET IN AT THE WRONG DOOR.

"When I began my ministry in Dundee," says the Rev. Mr. Riddell, "I had the privilege of meeting many of those who were blessed under the preaching of the sainted Murray McCheyne. I was told of one case of conversion which is rather peculiar. The person was much troubled, his mind was filled with gloomy darkness, and he had no peace nor rest. One day, as McCheyne was preaching to Christians, not to those outside of Christ's fold, the man got peace. After the service the man went round to the vestry to see the minister, who did not need to inquire if the visitor had got peace, it shone in his face; so he simply asked, 'How did you get it?' He answered 'All the time I've been trying to enter in at the saints' door, but while you were speaking I saw my mistake, and entered in at the sinners' door.'

"It is the only way. You need not come to God as a saint, or a pretty good sort of a person, but simply as a sinner, wanting and needing salvation. If you do so in Christ's name, you will get it."

HOW TO EXERCISE FAITH.—Dr. William Taylor tells, that, in his boyhood, after having heard a sermon on which the pastor dwelt much on "the appropriating act of faith," he asked his father what was meant by that expression. The old man gave the same reply which had been given him by his mother to the same inquiry when he was a lad, viz: "Take your Bible, and underscore all the 'my's,' the 'mine's,' and the 'me's' you come upon, and you will discover what appropriation is."

PROFESSOR BUNGE, a distinguished German professor of the University of Basle, characterizes beer as the most mischievous among alcoholic beverages, because no other is so seductive. This opinion of Professor Bunge ought to stop the spigot of many a barrel of beer.

Question Corner.—No. 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was the oldest man that ever lived and how many years was he contemporary with Adam?
2. In what year was the Deluge?

WHAT CITY?

It was a city built by a king of Israel about 920 B.C. It was situated on a high hill. It was the favorite residence of kings. It was highly adorned with public buildings. A palace of ivory was built here, and also a noted temple. The temple was afterwards destroyed by Jehu. The city was twice besieged by the Syrians. At length a king of Assyria captured and destroyed the city. After being partly rebuilt, and again destroyed, it was given to a great ruler who enlarged and adorned it. He placed in it a colony of six thousand persons, surrounded it with a strong wall, and built a magnificent temple. Early in the apostolic age it was favored by the successful labors of Philip and others. Can you name this city?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Abraham (Gen. xx. 7).
2. Abel (St. Matt. xxiii. 35; Heb. xi. 4; 1 John iii. 12); Noah (Heb. xi. 7); Lot (2 Peter ii. 7, 8); Elijah (James v. 16-18), and Zacharias (St. Matt. xxiii. 35).
3. From the words, "If I will that he tarry till I come," &c. (St. John xxi. 22, 23).
4. Ps. lxxviii., cv., and cvi.
5. In St. Matt. vi. 15, xviii. 35, St. Mark xi. 26, and James ii. 13.
6. "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (St. Luke ii. 49).
7. In 2 Kings xiii. 21; St. Luke xxiii. 53; St. John xix 41; St. Matt. xxvii. 60.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR SOVEREIGN LADY.

(By the Author of "English Hearts and English Hands."

CHAPTER V.—*(Continued.)*

A remarkable impression was produced in France by this irrepressible outburst of loyalty and sympathy in England.

La France said—

"Political life is suspended in England. One sole anxiety absorbs all minds—the health of the Prince of Wales. An entire nation, all impressed with strong convictions, turns to God, and partakes of the grief of its Sovereign, whose son is about to die. What a spectacle, and what a lesson! The Prince of Wales is dying, and no one laughs; the Queen kneels beside the probable death-bed of her first-born son, and no one laughs. The Princess of Wales only quits the bedside of her husband, not to seek necessary repose, but to hasten to church to pray, and to listen to prayers—and no one laughs. The Cabinet Council calls upon the Archbishop of Canterbury for a form of prayer to appeal to the Almighty on behalf of the Prince of Wales; and the people, instead of mocking, rush for copies of it, to repeat them in every place of worship. This people has the courage, the good sense, not to disown either its history, its past, its government, or its God! And yet it is a free people amongst all. Who can dispute that?"

The *Gaulois* wrote—

"Here we have the spectacle of a real nation kneeling to the Almighty. . . . . Every house is darkened, life is in some degree suspended, and newspapers have dropped politics. It seems as if a part of the country itself were about violently to be snatched away. This England, which we were told was ready to become a republic, which was accused of despising its princes, and of having got rid of its old-fashioned loyalty, come and see it to-day, note its grief, and be instructed."

But amidst the general despondency there were many who refused to despair; and praying hearts rallied all their forces to take Heaven by storm; some even ventured to plead that the very day, which ten years before, had darkened the life of our beloved Queen, should be the day on which the Lord and Giver of Life might say to her, "Go thy way, thy son liveth."

A little child in a royal palace* pleads for his father's life. "I thought of God," he said "all through my prayers, and now the telegrams will be better."

And God hearkened and heard, and stretched forth His hand to save.

Beginning from that very evening, the 14th of December, and on every succeeding day of the week, the news from Sandringham told first of revival, then of improvement, and afterwards of steadily increasing progress. Each succeeding telegram, as it was posted up in the streets of London, was seen with shouts of joy by poor and ragged street boys; whilst strong men, unused to tears, read the good news with wet eyes; and short fervent thanksgivings were breathed, as they turned away to their daily work.

The 27th of February, 1872, was set apart as a day of national thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales; and from the first streak of dawn a countless and ever increasing multitude thronged the streets of London. Such was their irrepressible good humor and happiness, that no amount of gray in the cold sky could shadow their faces, and no chilly showers could damp their cheerfulness. Loyal love had bedecked the houses with an endless variety of decorations, and had linked house to house and street to street all along the line of route with garlands of red and white roses, the handiwork of innumerable poor girls and children; whilst smiles, cheers, and blessings greeted the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales on every side, from the numbers who filled windows, platforms, balconies, and roof-tops, or crowded the streets up to the very line of carriages, for the seven miles along which the Royal Family were to pass. Doubtless the great sight of that great day was the people of England:—from early in the morning until late in the afternoon, and again at night to see the illuminations; sometimes in rain, always in blasts, but never losing temper, heart, or spirits; yielding readily to the directions of the police; gentle to fainting women, tender to little children;—such is the grand material of an English crowd!

Thirteen thousand people assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral—no class was left unrepresented. None who were there can forget the moment when the great west door was flung open, the organ rolled forth the first bars of the National Anthem, and the sound without, as from the waves of a mighty sea, told of the royal arrival. The vast congregation sprang to their feet, as the Queen of our hearts and of our land entered the Cathedral. Tenderly supported by her princely son and the lovely and beloved Princess of Wales, and, followed by the other members of the Royal Family, Her Majesty moved towards the dome, and the Service of Thanksgiving commenced.

The heart of all England, and the heart of the royal mother, met in the words—

"THIS, MY SON WAS DEAD, AND IS ALIVE AGAIN."

"Bless, Father, him thou gavest
Back to the loyal land;
Oh! Saviour, him Thou savest
Still cover with Thine hand.
Oh! Spirit, the Defender,
Be his to guard and guide,
Now in life's midday splendor,
On to the eventide."

For some little time after the Prince of Wales' illness, Her Majesty's reign was undisturbed by any especially disquieting event.

In April, 1873, the Queen, to the great delight of the people in the East of London, visited their park, named after *herself*; and in June of the same year she received, with great state, the Shah of Persia at Windsor Castle.

The first event in 1874 was the marriage of Prince Alfred, the Duke of Edinburgh, with the only daughter of the Czar of Russia.

In March, the Queen reviewed in the Park at Windsor, the troops who had just returned from the Ashantee war, in which Sir Garnet Wolseley's name first became famous; and with her own hand Her Majesty fastened the Victoria Cross upon the breast of a young officer who had won the highly prized distinction.

The Queen's kindness of heart extends to dumb creatures. We read of her sending £100 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, expressing her warm interest in their efforts to diminish the sufferings of animals, and telling of the horror with which she heard and read of the cruelties practised upon them.

Another instance of Her Majesty's generosity to her people might be mentioned here. Out of the money which belonged to her as Duchess of Lancaster, she set apart £10,000 for a people's park in Heywood.

As the year 1878 drew to its close, a great trouble began to threaten the heart of our beloved Queen; the dread disease diphtheria had broken out in the Royal Family at Hesse-Darmstadt.

The married life of the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, had been but the development of her sweet, unselfish girlhood. Her capacity of loving, and of living for others, had grown but the greater, as she had the more to live for and to love.

When the Franco-German war was raging, the Princess Alice had risen to the great emergency, and with the Crown Princess of Germany, our own Princess Royal, she met the long trains of wounded soldiers, and, undeterred by the ghastly sights before them, they set an example of heroic devotion in nursing and tending the sufferers.

Nor was it only under the enthusiasm of humanity in time of war, that the Grand Duchess had devoted herself to the benefit of her husband's people. In time of peace they had shared her thoughts and her labors with the first and dearest occupation of her life—the wise, careful, tender training of her children.

But from this fountain of her greatest happiness was to be drawn her bitterest draught of sorrow. Her youngest son, Prince Frederick, was playing beside his mother in the joy and beauty of his healthy childhood. Running gaily into an adjoining room, in a moment he had fallen through an open window, and only survived the dreadful accident a few hours.

When that tender mother rose up from the first depths of her anguish after this stunning blow, it was to live the saintly life on earth of one whose heart is in Heaven. "Through much tribulation," said the Princess, some time afterwards, "I have been led to trust wholly in the Divine Redeemer."

(To be Continued.)

* The eldest son of the Prince of Wales.

A RAT STORY.

Even rats are not without their good qualities. Miss Frances Power Cobbe tells us a story of a French convict who was reformed by a rat—a man who was long the terror of the prison authorities. Time after time he had broken out and made savage assaults on his gaolers. Stripes and chains had been multiplied year after year, and he was habitually confined in an underground cell, whence he was only taken to work with his fellow-convicts in the prison-yard; but his ferocity long remained untamed. At last it was observed that he grew rather more calm and docile, without apparent cause for the change, till one day, when he was working with his comrades, a large rat suddenly leaped from the breast of his coat and ran across the yard. Naturally the cry was raised to kill the rat, and the men were prepared to throw stones at it when the convict, hitherto so ferocious, with a sudden outburst of feeling implored them to desist and allow him to recover his favorite. The prison officials for once were guided by happy compassion, and suffered him to call back his rat, which came to his voice and nestled back in his dress. The convict's gratitude was as strong as his rebellious disposition had hitherto proved, and from that day he proved submissive and orderly. After some years he became the trusted assistant of the gaolers, and finally was killed in defending them against a mutiny of other convicts. The love of that humble creature finding a place in his rough heart had changed his whole character. Who shall limit the miracles to be wrought by affection when the love of a rat could transform a man?

IF WE HAVE NOT the spirit of forgiveness towards our neighbor, how can we ask God to "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us?"

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

GOLDING'S DUNCE.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

It was only the last of June, but the weather was as warm as if it had been midsummer, and the sun poured down hotly upon everything, scorching and withering the grass, and drying up the little streams in the pastures. The six cows in Farmer Golding's big clover field had gathered under a large oak tree, and chewing the cud contentedly, their large, soft eyes half closed, seemed wholly indifferent to the movements of a small, but sturdy boy, who, despite the intense heat, was busily engaged with some very inferior tools, in making a groove in a board. He whistled while he worked, occasionally pausing to talk to himself.

"I wish I had a better saw," he muttered, "I'd show 'em all work they wouldn't laugh at, if I am a dunce. And sister would be willing to use some of my inventions. I believe she'll like this churn arrangement if she'll only try it—"

He stopped short, and raising his head, listened intently. Faintly from over the fields came the sound of a bell. It was the bell of the district schoolhouse half a mile away. A worried, half-frightened look crossed the boy's face; he sprang to his feet, brushed the sawdust and shavings from his clothes, and gathering up his tools, turned with a reluctant air toward the large house which stood, surrounded by trees, a short distance away.

Within the kitchen his sister, a tall, gaunt woman, many years older than himself, moved rapidly from the kitchen table to the kitchen fire, for there were many to cook for, and no hands but her own to do it all. Her expression was hard and bitter; her every movement bespoke a spirit of rebellion and discontent. The only creature on earth for whom she seemed to care at all was her brother Steve, a bright, handsome boy, who, however, made small returns for the affection lavished upon him, preferring the society of any one else to that of the sister who idolized him.

Mahala was not proud of Nathan, and had been the first to nickname him "Golding's Dunce," a name by which he was known everywhere now. She had no patience with him or his many labor-saving inventions. She laughed at his sausage chopper worked by dog power, at his dish washer, warranted to wash every dish in the house in ten minutes, and sneered at his peculiar mop, which wrung itself when a crank was turned. She would have worked her fingers to the bone sooner than use anything he made to save her in any way.

His chief fault in Mahala's eyes was his lack of book knowledge. While Steve every year passed a creditable examination in a dozen different studies, Nathan proved wofully behind in everything save philosophy and mathematics. For these two studies he had a positive love, but others which his brother learned so glibly, only distressed him.

It seemed to Nathan sometimes that his sister grieved that he had been born, for do what he would, he could never please her. And yet, strange as it may seem, he loved her dearly, and suffered acutely under her taunts and sneers.

He entered the kitchen now shrinkingly, in the full expectation of a scolding, for which he had not long to wait.

"Not gone to school yet!" cried Mahala, looking up from the stove. "At your everlasting tinkering again, I suppose. Another day wasted!"

"I forgot," answered Nathan, "but the bell has only just rung, sister."

"Just rung! Yes, for recess; it's half past ten. I declare, you're enough to aggravate a saint, Nathan. You'll never be anything but a discredit to us all. You'll be 'Golding's Dunce' to the end of the chapter. There! don't stand there like a dumb thing. You make me nervous. Take that bucket and fetch some water."

His father appreciated Nathan as no one else did, and prophesied a bright future for him, encouraging him to fresh efforts by every means in his power. He had no education, this kind-hearted old man, save that derived from experience in his narrow sphere, but his judgment was sound, and he was not blind to his younger son's talent.

"You may not think it, but I tell you the boy's got stuff in him," he said to his daughter one day, as he picked up Nathan's self-wringing mop.

"Mighty poor stuff it is, too!" was the answer, given with a jerk of the head that spoke volumes.

"He'll show you some time that it ain't as poor as you think," said the farmer. "He's got a master head for contrivin' has Nathan. You'll live to see him come out miles ahead o' Steve."

"Will he!" laughed Mahala, bitterly. "You'll live to see him miles behind Steve, in my opinion. He'll tinker his whole life away on little wheels and spouts."

But in spite of his sister's unbelief in his ability to accomplish anything of value. Nathan's love for machinery was so strong that he continued to devote himself to the study of it whenever he had a chance, and many were the ingenious contrivances he made to lighten his father's labors, feeling amply repaid if he received nothing more than a smile or a kindly word in return. But his greatest ambition was to do something that would win for him his sister's praise. He really hungered for a part of the love she lavished so generously on the unappreciative Steve.

Time passed, and Nathan began to spend every spare hour in the large printing establishment of Boone Brothers, situated in the country town two miles away. Steam power had a strange fascination for him, and he hovered tenderly about the big engine in the press room, learning to love it at last as if it had been a living thing. And he was never weary of studying its complicated machinery, soon understanding it so well that Boone Brothers asked him to take charge of it, offering him two dollars a week.

To Nathan, who had never earned a cent in his life, this sum seemed very large, particularly as, in his opinion, the work was so light. He hastened home to tell the good news, and was considerably taken aback by Mahala's reception of it.

"Two dollars!" she exclaimed. "Is that all? Why, they pay their errand boy three, and he's only eleven years old! Two dollars won't pay me for the bread you eat."

Nathan looked at her a moment in silence. Then he turned and walked out off the house. Going to the barn, he climbed up into the loft, and lying down on the hay, burst into a perfect torrent of tears. He did not hear a step on the stairs. If he had, he might have looked up and seen his sister, who, troubled by the look on his face as he turned from her, had followed him, and stood looking at him several moments, wondering at his display of grief. A sensation which was almost pity, rose in her heart as she stood there.

Nathan, with his father's consent, took the place which Boone Brothers offered him, and soon made himself almost indispensable. His wages were raised to three dollars, and this sum he handed to his sister regularly every Saturday night. She never made any remark as she took the money, but once Nathan thought he saw her lip quiver.

"I wish you'd buy youself a new dress, sister," he said one day.

"Out of your three dollars?" she asked. "You must think dresses come cheap. But perhaps you want me to buy a calico?"

"No," answered Nathan. "I'd like to see you with a dress on, such as Mrs. Boone wears to church. It's black, and shiny, and soft-looking."

"Satin," said Mahala, "and cost three dollars a yard, if it cost a cent. Don't be silly."

"I mean to get you one some day," said Nathan, "You just wait and see."

"I'll have to wait till the world turns into cheese, and money grows on bushes, I expect," said Mahala. "I shall not put off getting an alpaca, because of your promise, that's sure."

One day the establishment of Boone Brothers was closed, owing to a funeral in the family. Nathan, having nothing to do of any importance, and having long wanted to investigate the big engine in the woollen factory, seized this opportunity for a visit to the engineer, with whom he had a slight acquaintance.

He found some commotion at the factory. The engineer was lying drunk in a waggon near the office door, and Mr. Sprague, the proprietor of the mills, was giving orders for his removal to his home.

"Drunken, worthless creature!" he said, "I'd discharge him this instant, if I could only get another engineer as good. And a really reliable one is out of the question, of course—not to be even dreamed of. Schaler is about the best I've ever had, I believe. They're a bad lot, in my opinion. And now I suppose I'll have to see to the engine myself the rest of the day, though I don't know a thing about it. Peters," to a man who was engaged in clearing the office counter of sundry rubbish, "go in and turn some water into the boiler, it must be kept full."

With these words he seated himself at his desk, and began to look over some woollen samples which lay waiting his inspection. Peters dropped the brush he was using, and passed into the engine room. After a little hesitation, Nathan followed him, wondering if he understood engine work.

As he pushed open the door of the room a sound struck on his ear that chilled his blood, and for a moment almost paralyzed him with horror—the sound of a hoarse, angry rumbling from the great boiler, the hiss of escaping steam. He knew at once that the water was entirely out, the boiler perfectly dry, and that if the cold water valve was turned on, an explosion was certain. It would be like touching a match to a powder magazine. No time was to be lost. Peters, a stupid, thick-headed fellow, was already touching the valve. One instant only did Nathan pause; the next, he darted forward and dealt the man a blow that sent him reeling backward.

"Pull the fire!" he cried in a clear, ringing voice that reached Mr. Sprague in his office. "Quick, I'll open the escape valve."

It was the work of an instant only to turn the escape valve, and the steam rushed out, in a great volume, filling the room completely in a moment. Faint and dizzy from the knowledge of the terrible danger that had been passed, Nathan staggered back and would have fallen to the floor had not Mr. Sprague, who had entered just in time, caught him in his arms.

"Brave boy!" he said tremulously, as he dragged Nathan into the office, "how can I ever reward you for this?"

"Wasn't it lucky I came in when I did," said Nathan. "I was just in time."

"Lucky!" said Mr. Sprague. "That is not the word. It was providential. By your courage and promptness you saved the lives of nearly a hundred innocent people. An explosion of that great boiler would have blown half the building to pieces.

"I'll have to ask Peters' pardon for knocking him over," said Nathan, "but there was really no other way to stop him. I had no time to explain things."

"Explain! I guess not," said Mr. Sprague.

"Won't you let me attend to the engine the rest of the day?" asked Nathan. "I understand every screw in it."

Mr. Sprague was only too glad to accept this offer, and when at night Nathan was about to go home, the wealthy mill-owner placed in his hands a fifty-dollar bill.

"Take this," he said. "You well deserve it, for your courage saved me thousands of dollars. And if you will also take the place of Schaler, you can have it at a salary of fifteen dollars a week."

Happy Nathan! He ran home like a deer, so light was his heart. Opening the kitchen door he found his father and sister at tea.

"Sister," he said, trying to speak calmly, "I can give you that satin dress now," and with a beaming face he held out to her the fifty-dollar bill. Never for an instant had the thought of spending one penny of it upon himself, entered his mind.

"Nathan Golding," cried Mahala, in a shrill voice, "where did you get this? I hope you've not opened anybody's till? Oh, if that disgrace has come on us, it will be just too much!"

"I rob a till! O sister!"

It was all Nathan could say, there was such a choking in his throat, such a heavy weight upon his heart. He let the money fall to the table, and running out, took refuge in the barn again. He lay there with his face downward on the hay, great, gasping sobs tearing their way from his breast.

"Nathan!"

He heard his name called, but was too sad and hopless to answer. Some one came up the stairs, and knelt down on the hay beside him.

"Nathan!"

He knew then that it was his sister who had come to him. He looked up, his eyes bloodshot, his face white, weary, and stained with tears.

"O Nathan! Nathan! My brother! my dear brother! Forgive me! Forgive your poor sister! She has had so much to make her hard, my boy!"

Nathan's arms were around his sister's neck in a moment, and he was kissing her wan, sallow cheek.

"Forgive you!" he cried. "Dear sister, I have nothing to forgive. You never meant anything, I know that. But if you will only let me love you as I would like, sister."

No matter what Mahala Golding answered. Sufficient be it that Nathan's hungry heart was satisfied at last.

* * * * * * *

Steve had come into the kitchen as Nathan had gone out, and had told the story of his brother's brave deed. He said it was the talk of the town, and that every one was praising Nathan.

For a long time Mahala Golding's heart had been softening toward her younger brother. That rigid exterior was but as the crust of ice that an intense cold has made over a deep stream, while the water still flows swift and strong beneath. The knowledge of the bitter injustice she had done Nathan, the cruel insult she had put upon him in return for his generosity, had broken the ice of that deep stream.

The name of "Golding's Dunce" fell from Nathan at once. No one laughed at him now or recalled his failures in history, geography, or grammar. All united in his praise. He made steady progress onward and upward, and well did he fulfil his father's prophecy of success.

And often would the old man say as he heard of some new invention which was making his son's name famous among machinists, "I told Mahala there was stuff in him. It would be well for the world if there were more dunces like my Nathan."

—*The Household.*

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